

The Lehigh Journal.

Vol. II.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

No. 3.

Select Poetry.

A Summer Mood.

I lay me in the growing grass,
A vagrant loyng vagrancy.
About me kindred fellows throng,
A very reckless company.

Gay people of the crowded air,
Who follow Joy's recruiting drums;
Nor thift, nor any thorn, they leave
To-morrow till to-morrow comes.

Who gathers all, would gather more;
Who little hath, hath need of none;
Who wins a race will long to win
Another that is never won.

Fling me in the grass, content
That not a blade belongs to me,
And take no thought of mowing days—
A vagrant wed to vagrancy.

Public Station.

BY SMITH V. WILSON.

What of the times, my kind Mentor? is a question, which in one respect is easily answered. What on the face of Christendom but agitation, commotion and revolution! The former history of the world is corroborated by the present! Without an effort, we cannot but discover that nations, like individuals, must have unceasingly wherewithal to exercise and even to waste their powers. When wars and political struggles fail to furnish material for the American mind, the observation of men in public life becomes the subject of paramount importance; people begin to cast anxious and inquiring glances at their conduct, their representatives in all public organizations become the objects of scrutiny. That such is the condition of affairs at the present time a very slight study of the daily press will inform us.

Probably, since the first traces of savage life, the great social system in its varied forms and conventionalities has received no element of improvement so powerful and energetic as that comprehended in the words DIVISION OF LABOR. The advantages of this element in the great machinery of the world, especially as regards its commercial enterprise and the exercise of the industrial arts with all their varied utilities, cannot be told or foretold. While it furnishes us with the greatest profit for even the most frugal expenditure: while it insures division of fortune proportional to labor, it introduces amongst men such wholesome classes and conditions—it divides the business of life into so many and varied departments as to satisfy the peculiar bias and power which Nature in her mysterious judgment has imparted to the great numbers of her human children. This world of ours, mysteriously careering around the sun, has minor orbits within itself. In one revolve the energies, that with the sweat of the brow bring bread as the fruit of care; in another we find the dazzling insignia of power—the crown, the sceptre and all the luxurious pomp of thrones; in a third we find the unfading laurel of the Muse which Horace, although he says "paupertas empulit audax ut versus facerem," preferred to any honor that man could bestow—and yet how mean generally are its rewards. Let us turn from the chilling blasts which too often penetrate it. The farmer

looks out upon fields rich with grain and orchards bending with graceful branches. The ocean, its bosom palpitating with tall ships filled with coming merchandise, is the favored prospect of another. The world is all before us with its portals opened wide and a voice from within, increasing in volume as we approach, cries out, come! work and be happy; you are wanted and we are free agents to decide where we shall abide, and what we shall do. But in the adoption of one of the numerous professions and employments of life, there are besides the operation of this principle, many other influences brought to bear upon a man's choice. There is binding upon every man more or less the necessity of making a livelihood; this fills the list of trades and professions. Men soon find what sphere is best suited to their capacities. But this is not all. Passions predominate. All men are governed by them to a greater or less degree. The cold and calculating voice of wisdom is drowned in the flattering whisperings of our sensual nature. The path of rectitude and prudence is barred by stubborn pride.

There are few among us who do not seek or aspire "to climb the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," and as the imperial purple and dignity of office, with all their glitter appear before us, we are lured with their magnificence, and the bread of an honorable sufficiency becomes insipid to our taste—the garments bought by the sweat of the brow too mean for the great Ego to wear. Probably as the grand diorama of professions, learned, mechanical and mercantile, passes rapidly before the mind of a young man, none attracts his attention more or appeals to his imagination so much as Public Station. To be elevated above our fellows—to occupy prominent positions—to be a Senator or Representative—the President or Chief Engineer of a great railroad corporation, or it may be the future President of the United States, such a hope seems to warrant the concentration of all our powers to the attainment of such an end. But we are only then upon the threshold of the temple of Fame. It is in the exercise of these trusts—in the upholding of the rights of the community—in expounding great principles of law and furthering the execution of the laws that we are to reap our full reward. Our mind is to suggest—our voice to proclaim—our arm to be above and over all, and we are to become the "observed of all observers." Ah! "is it not a consummation devoutly to be wished?" Is it not enough to set the blood of any young man on fire to picture himself in the future full of power, governing the action of multitudes—commanding the applause of listening senates; perhaps the great head and ruler of them all? It is the nature of man to soar upward—"taquilacoelum versus;" how then can he but long for this highest heaven of human glory? But come; let us leave this scene of fancy and look in upon the conditions of life after the pomp and pageantry are over. What do we see? It does

not require the mighty voice of a Demosthenes or the fluent pen of a Cicero to tell us that a "life of undeserved exile is sweeter" than the vain pomp and glory which is found so often, in all departments of life; the "icy fang and churlish chiding of the winter wind" more trustworthy than the existing flattery peculiar to cabinet officers and office-seekers. Is it necessary to repeat the history of such men as Wolsey, whose last message to Cromwell was, "I charge thee, fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels! How can man then, the image of his Maker hope to win by 't? love thyself last." Our fathers have forewarned—we are to-day painfully aware of the "depths and shoals of honor." I need only point you to our Congress and State Legislatures as examples. But where honor is the stake—where a pure love of country is the motive of those who enter the lists of public life, then it were glory to serve one's country—the greatest calling that man can follow, if principles of truth, virtue and integrity are his objects. But, alas! is it patriotism that nerves men to seek public favor? Are public honors in this Commonwealth of ours never given to those who have the most supple knee of flattering tongue? Are not learning and genius often the bars to prominent

positions? With shame we answer in the affirmative.

Why do men elbow each other in the pursuit of public office? What is this Will-o'-the-Wisp which men follow—this magic wand that is so desired by men? It is Power! Nations and kingdoms have been swept into space, fearful exponents of this word Power. Are we safe? Shall America also testify her submission to its force? We boast that the people are supreme. Not this government or that—not any particular people or State—but the whole. That we are governed too much is the cry of many—that power granted is often misused the recent events in politics testifies. Statesmen, open your eyes to truth—look at your offices as they really are, places in which to do good, to be pure and honest! Remember that office confers no exclusive privilege—no particular superiority which does not belong to the people. True, a certain amount of authority is delegated to you, but that is checked by being divided into branches of sovereignty which work upon each other for the benefit of the people. We acknowledge all honor and respect to our rulers—but we do not concede all power. But there is a power in your hands which angels of glory might stoop to enjoy—the power of doing good, of serving your country—of living for the good of the whole—of raising our race—of making this land of ours in the 19th century the noblest in history, ancient or modern. That we may acquire this power, that our citizenship if pure will place us in positions by means of which we can obtain this end, all admit. Let us therefore aspire to it with honesty of purpose—with a patriotic desire, with a keen appreciation of our obligations and rights, then will

our government become the best—the greatest in the world, occupying a page in history that shall stand out in unfading beauty the admiration and the model of the world. Let education in justice and the truth be the first objects of our attainment. Then let us translate Nature in all her diversified workings, in the pealing of the thunder, in the great voice of rushing waters—on the dizzy peaks of the high mountain. Thus colleges will make us, and we shall make men purer, stronger and more zealous for their country's good.

The poet-jurist of England has taught us that lesson in words that often quoted never grow old.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

Not high raised battlements or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate:
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where laughing at the storms rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride,
No! Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endur'd
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare
maintain—
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain—
These constitute a State.

Joseph Priestley.

The commemorative celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Priestley's discovery of oxygen, was proposed by Dr. H. Carrington Bolton, in a letter to the *American Chemist*.

Two places were suggested at which to hold a meeting. Hartford, Conn., was named, as the American Association for the advancement of Science was to meet there in August. But the proposition which met with most favor came from a lady Professor of Chemistry in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; and was made in the following words:

* * * I made a pilgrimage last August to the grave of Priestley, in Northumberland, Pa., and was deeply impressed by the locality, its associations, and its charming surroundings; my proposition is, therefore, that the centennial gathering be around this grave, and that the meetings, other than the open-air one on the cemetery hill-top, be in the quaint little church built by Priestley, where might be exhibited the apparatus devised by the great scientist, and used in his memorial experiments. I need not remind you how conveniently this locality is to the routes of summer tourists, and how centrally located for those coming from the West as well as for those residing near the seashore. * * *

Respectfully yours,
RACHEL L. BODLEY,
Professor of Chemistry.

The encouragement received from various sources led Dr. Bolton to bring the matter before the Chemical Section of the New York Lyceum of Natural History, in order to place the project on a definite basis. At a meeting of this body, May 11, 1874, President J. S. Newberry, LL.D., in the chair, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The discovery of oxygen by Joseph Priestley, on the 1st of August, 1774, was a momentous and significant event in the history of chemistry, being the imme-

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.)

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ADDRESS
"LEHIGH JOURNAL,"
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BETHLEHEM, SEPT., 1874.

SEPTEMBER—and the time for the issuing of the JOURNAL near at hand, with no editorial yet written. A lack of ideas, the well worn excuse of "indisposition" (to work,) will not serve us, and the inevitable something must be thrown off from our pen, whether readable or no. It is easy to write—very. Owing to this fact we have diligently employed ourselves during the last three weeks in soliciting articles from others. Unfortunately they have all regarded the matter in the same light and respectfully declined. They were unwilling no doubt to deprive us of the honor of filling our own columns, recognizing of course our selfishness in allowing them an opportunity to distinguish themselves, but refusing with great unanimity to profit thereby.

Never before have we been so impressed with the consideration which the many feel in the welfare and interests of the one. We ought to be thankful. We bear however that we are not.

At the opening of a new term and a new year it may not be at all requisite or useless to take a retrospective glance and see what has and has not been accomplished during the previous year. Little schemes have been undoubtedly set on foot, which have in many cases come to naught, pretty undertakings have for the time occupied the attention, to be crowned perhaps with victory; but these, failures and successes alike, are lost sight of in the consideration of the main issues. What were the main issues last year? It is hardly necessary to ask that question. The students of our Institution are not such notorious "seekers after new things" as to make them forgetful of their undertakings after a few weeks have gone by. To their steadiness may be attributed in part the success of the main issue—educational.

The final examinations evidenced a high degree of proficiency, and through the marked improvement in the work of the students over that of former years, the grade of the University has been advanced.

Outside of the regular curriculum, the students have during the past year paid a greater attention to "muscle" than heretofore, not however in the slightest degree forgetting the claims of the "mind."

In regard to "muscle," and despite the unity of the under-graduates on that subject, a failure has to be recorded. That the students were willing to do their share was manifest. That those who proposed to give the students superior advantages for physical culture have failed in their purpose is likewise manifest. Why? is a question that waits solution. The efforts of the Engineering

and Chemical Societies to benefit the mind have been highly appreciated. Their courses of lectures, in which instruction was made interesting, have been productive of great good. Their work has been beneficial, and if an increased interest in science is alone the result, may be considered as successful.

We trust that during the present year they will not fail to follow in the steps of last.

On the whole the last year has been one of progress and so far as educational advancement—which is the main issue—is concerned, has been a success.

Choice Poetical Selections.

We are in receipt of the following communication.

Editor JOURNAL:

Respected Sir: My prospects for a more distinguished station than I have yet occupied are brightening, and I trust that I may yet bask in the genial warmth of the applause of an admiring world. Upon trial, however, I find that my own ideas will not bear expression, and I have therefore turned my attention to "editing" a volume of choice selections. I forward you the 1st chapter. It will probably influence your censure. Understanding the difficulties under which you labor, I will demand no pecuniary compensation but will present it to you gratuitously, that is to say for nothing, free. If you desire to negotiate for the remainder, I will waive all formalities and give you the preference.

Yours,

We have looked at the poetry, and have no doubt but that it will influence our circulation. Which way we decline to say. His consideration for our difficulties is touching—very. Nevertheless we answered his letter and we flatter ourselves that it was done in no ambiguous style. This is our answer:

Dear Sir: We desire to negotiate for the 1st chapter or not at all. You pay us — per line and we publish.

Yours,

Which he did. Whereupon in the interests of the JOURNAL we also inserted both letters, charging accordingly. Without further comment we will present the "poetry" to our readers.

CHOICE POETICAL SELECTIONS.

Offered on the ground that
"Man wants but little here below."

Dedicated to a
"Gullible Public."

PREFACE.

In order that I might not interfere with the "copyright law" and thus lead to some unpleasantness (for myself,) I have in my selections confined myself to the verses of anonymous writers. I at first proposed to divide this work into chapters containing "verses sentimental" only, and others which should contain verses on various subjects, but the "and others" bore such a small proportion to my "sentimental selections" that I determined to make an admirable commingling. This work will be particularly valuable from the notes and remarks which accompany it.

CHAP. I.

"They have been at a great feast," etc.

We open our work with the following as it is somewhat unintelligible, and will therefore at the very start commend us to the public, seeing that they are apt to admire what they do not understand:

TO A HEAVENLY BODY.
Edelges bright thy lustre crystalline

Upon the alabaster brow of mine,
Submerged in ethereal night;
Unnumbered lasting eons echo down
My name, dim-haunted by the ideal frown
That hovers o'er the bard's entranced sight.

It needs no further comment.

As a contrast to the last we would call attention to the simple truth and naturalness of this:

Down the hill the pigeons strode,
Their hearts were ill at ease;
The fragile elephants sang low—
Among the lilac trees.

This verse was evidently meant by its author to impart knowledge. We had no idea hitherto that elephants sang low.

As it is customary for many writers to intersperse their works with quotations from other languages, evidently for the purpose of airing their attainments, we propose to attempt it also, and therefore present the following, trusting to chance that it may come in right:

Homaeopropheron, old Polysyudou
Znegma and Litotes, too;
Epanorthosis, Epanadiplosis,
With the rule for the Supine in u.

With the rule for the Supine in u, u, u,
With the rule for the Supine in u.

From the next (which we have only admitted after serious reflection owing the second word in the second line) we are justified in coming to the conclusion that its author is possessed of an impatient disposition. He ought, he really ought, however, to curb it:

My pencil, my pencil,
The devilish utensil,
Too short! 'twas once too long,
No'er right, 'tis always wrong.

So far the sentimental has not appeared, but this we think will amply compensate:

Let my foul arms enfold thee,
With rapture to my bosom;
My eyes with joy behold thee,
My love, my pretty blossom!

My love of love sincerest
From thee I ne'er will sever,
False to thee? never, dearest;

I must love thee ever.

The fifth line is particularly expressive.

The next we give only on condition that no one acts on the hint:

Two black horses side by side,
Two plank bobsleighs, red and blue,
All the 'Sew' girls out for a ride,
Sitting up cross-wise, two by two."

We conclude with an apostrophe to night:

Imperial Night! goddess transcendent,
Gloriously gleaming, radiantly resplendent,
With crystalline clusters, tremulously pendulant,
Hail!

The Mouse and the Deacon.

A MOUSE. (It is true.)
By a young Deacon's shoe
Once wander'd, and peep'd o'er the heel:
He wanted a lodging,
And after much dodging,
He thought this his lair would conceal.

Then in he did go,
And he crept tow'rds the toe,
To learn more precisely its form;
And he found it all right;
And remarkably tight,
And besides, most delectably warm.

Then he lay down to rest,
And he deem'd himself blest,
Such a spacious apartment to find;
So quiet and snug
That he did himself sing
As the luckiest mouse of his kind.

The night it proved dark,
And there was but a spark
From the grate to illumine the room;
But our fortunate mouse,
In his water-tight house,
Was annoyed not at all by the gloom.

The Deacon was snoring,
All danger ignoring,
When Mousie began to feel badly;
For, of supper, he'd none,
And what was to be done,
He desir'd to find out very sadly.

All quiet the house,
When this sly, hungry mouse
Crept abroad to procure a night's meal;
Not particular was he,
Just 's if what it might be,
Whether mutton, lamb, beef, pork or veal.

He hunted around
All upon the bare ground,
And then he snif'd under the table;
But no scrap of good meat,
Nor of anglit fit to eat,
There to find, did lie find himself abate.

As well might he look
In a cookery book
For good plaus discourses and pray'rs;
Or go seek in a stable
For anchor and cable,
Among the old horses and mares.

So he stole back to bed,
And he laid down his head,
With a feeling approaching to sorrow;
But of hope he had some,
That at least a good crumb
Would turn up for his breakfast-to-morrow.

O unsapient mouse!
In such a gaunt house
To expect either breakfast or dinner!
Stay there, if you will,
But you'll ne'er get your fill;

You will only get thinner and thinner

Now, just before dawn,
A long sigh and a yawn

Reckon'd the Deacon was moving;

And what follow'd after
(No subject for laughter,) I see no just ground for reproving.

For soon he arose,
And he put on his clothes,
And, when he'd perform'd his devotions,
The thing he did next
Was to choose out a text
To expound theological notions.

Without ut'r'ing a word,
His fire he then stirr'd,
After which in a closet he went:
And our mouse was right glad,
Hoping still to be had,
His stomach, so void, to content.

But, instead of just that,
He uplifted his hat,
And he brush'd it with tenderest care;
Then he put on his coat,
(A close fit round the throat,) And he set in good order his hair.

That the morning was wet
You full safely might see,
For the Deacon next wanted his shoes,
Not to save from a flood,
But to keep off the mud,
And a genial warmth to diffuse.

But our mouse nothing knew,
Of the use of a shoe,
For his own feet were always quite bare;
True, he seldom went out,
Never travel'd about,
Prov'd he had but good fare.

So, fearing no ill,
He kept perfectly still,
To watch for the next operation;
When (O! sad to relate
Our poor mouse's hard fate!) He was brought into great tribulation.

For, or ever the mouse
Could get out of his house,
One foot was thrust into it,—snap!
And, not heeding his groans,
It soon threaten'd his bones
And his flesh to squeeze all into pap.

"Oh alas! Oh! woe me!"
In his agony now he exclaimed;
"Oh! how madly self-wild
To come here to be kill'd;
For, if not, to be dreadfully maimed

"In the hole where I dwelt
Not a danger was felt,
Nor much comfort, 'tis certainly true;
But my ribs! they must crack,
With such jam and tight pack."
In this terrible trap of a shoe.

Now the Deacon was slender,
Remarkably tender,
As well in his toes as his heart;
For good qualities run,
If but fairly beginn,
From the source unto every part.

So he felt the obstruction,
And made a deduction:
"Some obstacle is in the way!"
(Thus he thought) "let me see
Of what kind it may be."
(Though still, not a word did he say.)

Then he drew back his boot
By the aid of his foot,
Intending the shoe to explore;
When the mouse, now set free,
Thought it prudent to flee,
And right rapidly made for the door.

Without waiting for pray'rs
He ran down the stairs;
(Apprehension had made him so fleet,) O'er the threshold he hopp'd,
And he never once stopp'd
Till he found himself out in the street.

And one lesson he'd learnt;
(Like a child who's been burnt
Learns to dread e'en the sight of the fire;) That the mouse who would thrive
Must by some means contrive,
Of snug lodgings to stint his desire.

MORAL.
Young men, too, beware
How you bring yourselves care,
By engaging an elegant house;
Some wisdom you'll learn,
(Like the child who did burn,) By digesting the tail of this mouse.

"Q'y 'tale?"

There was to have been a meeting of the Board of Trustees on the 15th of last month, as a committee in charge of various important matters were to have reported that day.

It happened however that several members were at that time on a tour in the West and in consequence the Trustees did not assemble. It is supposed that this committee were to have reported in regard to the filling up of the chairs of the Executive and Professor of Mathematics.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

date forerunner of Lavoisier's generalizations, on which are based the principles of modern chemical science; and

WHEREAS, a public recognition of the one hundredth anniversary of this brilliant discovery is both proper and eminently desirable; and

WHEREAS, a social re-union of American chemists, for mutual exchange of ideas and observations, would promote good fellowship in the brotherhood of chemists; therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the chair, whose duty it shall be to correspond with the chemists of the country, with a view to securing the observance of a centennial anniversary of chemistry during the year 1874.

This committee was appointed, and through their efforts it was decided that the "Centennial of Chemistry" be held at the grave of Priestley. Many distinguished persons were present, and the occasion was one which will long be remembered. Prof. Henry of Washington was to have spoken, but owing to his absence, Dr. Coppee was requested to fill the vacancy and deliver the address at Priestley's grave. Mrs. H. D. Clark of Northumberland presented as a tribute this brief poem, entitled "Laurel":

"Weave him a deathless crown of immortelle
Who triumphed over bigots of his day,
And of all days. Let diapasons swell,
To drown the fur, faint echoes of that clamorous hell."

Where sack and flame and fury had their way."

"Kneel reverent by his grave, in this new land,

Which never yet has failed to welcome those

Who grope, in exile, for a friendly hand,

In her rich annals let the golden legend stand—

How Priestley found a haven for his foes."

Personal.

(We desire to make our "Personal" column as interesting as possible, and in order to accomplish our purpose, would respectfully request the students to keep us advised as to their movements.)

—Mr. Kent of '74' was in Bethlehem during the middle of August, and was staying at the Eagle Hotel.

—Mr. Joseph H. Kuhns, formerly of '76' is assistant cashier of the Greensburg, Pa. National Bank.

—Mr. Herbert Stearns of '74, visited Bethlehem on Saturday, Aug. 29th. He is at present at his home in New Jersey.

—Prof. Kimball who was last Spring appointed to the chair of Geology, has arrived and will enter upon his duties in a short time.

—Mr. Baily has been appointed, and has accepted the position of Instructor in Chemistry, vice Mr. Rouny Hitchcock resigned.

—W. Ronaldson, M. D., a graduate of Lehigh, class of '70, was last Spring appointed resident physician at the Philadelphia Alms House.

—Mr. W. G. McMillan of '75' has accepted the position of Mining Engineer under Eckley B. Cox, at Drifton, Pa., and will not return to Lehigh until the Fall of 1875.

—Mr. A. P. Hamar of '77, and Mr. James of '78, will enter Cornell this year. Mr. Forsythe of the second class does not propose returning.

—Mr. J. L. Jones of '77 paid Bethlehem a flying visit on the 30th of August. He thought of visiting Cape May before the opening of the Fall term.

—Mr. J. G. Guimaraes took up his abode in Samson Hall during the month of August. We understand that all the Brazilians now in town will also room there this term.

—Mr. Smith V. Wilson of '74 intends to take up the study of the law in September, under the Hon. W. A. Wallace. He has remained in Clearfield, Pa., this vacation.

—Mr. Will. Smylie has been one of the very few students who have remained within sight of the University during the Summer. He is ready for the opening of the term and the students' return.

—Mr. C. Jacobson of '77' was absent from Bethlehem on a seven weeks' tour, spending a portion of his time in Philadelphia, Maryland and Odessa, Del., where he was the guest of Mr. H. M. Appleman of '78.'

—We desire to tender our thanks to Mr. C. O. Ziegenfuss of the *Morning Progress* for his kindness in allowing us to place his paper on our exchange list. Also for the occasional friendly notice of the JOURNAL.

—Mr. A. E. Meaker of '75' was engaged on the Engineer Corps of the Penn'a & N. Y. C. R. R. Co. from June 29. His address during the Summer was "Ward House, Towanda, Pa." He visited Bethlehem frequently during the Summer.

Mr. C. E. Ronaldson, of the class of '69' is staying with Mr. Will Smylie of '76.' For the last five years he has been employed on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Delano, as Mechanical Engineer. He has recently resigned and is taking a vacation preparatory to resuming work elsewhere.

—Mr. T. Frederick of '76' has spent the vacation at his home in Catasauqua, engaged, according to his account, in "mathematical research." We have heard from him a number of times and understand that his time does not hang heavy on his hands.

—We had the pleasure of spending an afternoon in Stroudsburg with W. Marshall Rees of '74' about the 14th of last month. We found him hard at work on some plans for a "reservoir." He has not obtained permanent employment as yet, but is confident of a position ere long, as several parties are desirous of procuring his services.

—Mr. I. S. K. Reeves, formerly of '76' was in Bethlehem on Monday, Aug. 10th. We were pleased to see him and regret that he will not locate here as he had one time intended.

Mr. Reeves was to have been connected with Mr. Church in his proposed "machine shops." He reports that base ball is in a flourishing condition in New Castle, and that "Jim" is interested therein.

—Mr. E. B. Rogers of '77' left for his home in San Francisco on the 12th of last month, stopping at Harrisburg to visit Mr. Sam. Bigler. Mr. Rogers, since the close of the term, has been at "Bostlehurst," a short distance from New Castle, Del. He is an energetic, whole-souled man and his departure from the University is to be regretted.

College Items.

Harvard says that "enquire" is correct, and Yale says that it is "inquire."

Yale's Faculty numbers 74; Cornell's 39; Dickinson's 7; Wittenberg's 7; Lafayette's 27; Dartmouth's 34; Trinity's 16; Princeton's 16.

The University of Michigan has 1112 students; Ohio Wesleyan University 374; Cornell University 461; Syracuse University 177; Chicago University 422; Boston University 501; Williams 136; Amherst 304.

The older American Colleges were founded in the order of time as follows: Harvard, 1636, (sixteen years after the "Landing"); William and Mary, Va., 1692; Yale, 1699; Princeton, 1746; Kings, N. Y., (now Columbia) 1754; University of Penn., 1755; Brown, 1764; Dartmouth, 1769; Rutgers, 1770; all in the last century and century before.

On Our Table.

"The Seminary Budget," published four times a year, by the young ladies of Sacramento Seminary, is before us. May we hope for pardon if we call it "nice?"

The "Acta Columbiana" is before us, and we find it replete with interesting and instructive articles. The "Pygmies of Antiquity," the leading prose article, well repaying perusal.

The "College News Letter," Grinnell, Iowa, has been talking of altering its form, and asserts that that there is *cash in the treasury* to support such a change. Happy paper! The "Political Duty of Students" is very sensible.

"The College Herald" is editorially among the best as it is typographically among the neatest, of our X's. With the July No. there is a "supplement" containing an account of their 24th Commencement. "College Order" is an ably written article.

"The Dickinsonian" is opposed to a student addressing an audience in a language that is as unintelligible as the "jargon of a Chinese." It thinks that the "Latin Salutary" is probably a relic of the mannerism and exclusiveness of the colleges of the last century." So say we.

Among our exchanges for July, the "Vassar Miscellany" is conspicuous. The Miscellany is particularly fortunate in its corps of writers. The lack of poetry, however, strikes us forcibly, and while in some cases we would render thanks for such omission, in this we mourn, as poetry on a par with its prose would be well worth reading.

Most of the College journals suspend publication during the vacation, and it is for this reason that we do not find "Our Table" as well filled as usual. August brings us the "College Journal," Georgetown, D.C., which is heartily welcome. "Night Fall in Summer" is above the average, and we regret that we have room for but one verse:

"Each orb that struggles from that deep blue ether
Hath waked to life some tiny friend below;
Each little minstrel mid the tangled heather
Chants to its starry love a nightly vow."

With the author of "Spelling" we do not entirely agree, as we think he is a little too tolerant in his views in regard to those "erring brothers" who, "have not mastered the intricacies of English orthography."

The "High School," of Omaha, Neb., for August, comes to us changed in form and under a new management. The "High School" was rapidly attaining an enviable position, and we trust that the new management will not mar its usefulness by inserting any more such articles as "Senator Bogg," as their influence is certainly not good. We find in the "announcement" the reasons for the change of managers, which we give to point a moral: "Five months editing and publishing a paper for the mere glory of the thing has amply demonstrated the fact that the enthusiasm for such a task is very apt to

die out." The result is that outsiders have now sole charge. The moral is, support your college paper with contributions, both literary and otherwise.

Lehigh.

If the students wish copies of the July and August Journals, which it is possible they may not have received, they can obtain them by applying to the Manager.

According to the announcement made in the July JOURNAL, we publish this month the oration of Mr. Smith V. Wilson of '74, which was delivered on University Day.

"76" at its final meeting last year, changed the Class color from blue to white. They were more fortunate this year in the printing of their badges. "77" were the sufferers this time and gained nothing by their Philadelphia experiment. "78" have chosen green as their color.

In regard to the new Executive it will be remembered that we last month published an item from the "Maneh Chunk Democrat" to the effect that it would be gratifying news to the friends of this institution when they learn that Mr. Coleman has been elected and accepted this distinguished position. The "Democrat" simply meant that it would gratify the friends of the institution if he did accept.

The Chemical Society did a good work during the past year, by its course of Scientific Lectures on the Unity of Plan in Creation—the Microscope—the Spectroscope, and the address by President Coppee, on The Knight Errantry of Science. The course is increasing in interest each year, and is of great interest and assistance to the student. Nor was the Engineering Society wanting in efforts to benefit the students. The two lectures by Prof. A. F. Mayer, Ph. D., and one each by Prof. E. G. Youmans and Prof. E. J. Houston were productive of good, and it is to be hoped that a similar course will be laid before us next year.

The following are the rules recently issued and bearing date Sept. 1st, which we print thinking that they may be of interest:

Rules concerning Board and Room Rent in Packer, Christmas and Saucon Halls.

1. The amount of room rent, board, &c., must be paid in advance to the Treasurer of the Executive Committee.

2. The charge for board and room rent shall be \$5.00 per week; where two students occupy a room jointly the charge shall be \$4.50 per week for each.

3. The charge for board without room shall be \$4.00 per week. The charge for room rent without board shall be \$2.00 per week for each room. These prices include gas and heat.

4. Meal tickets will be furnished by the steward to students or friends visiting them, at 50 cents each, payable in advance to the steward.

5. The choice of rooms shall be in the order of classes. In any class the first applicant to have the first choice.

6. Students may retain their rooms from year to year by giving notice of their intention so to do at the close of the academic year.

7. Students are required to keep their rooms in order, or to employ some proper person to do so for them.

8. No furniture for rooms will be provided by the University.

9. The use of kerosene, coal oil, or burning fluid in any of the buildings is prohibited.

10. No deductions or allowances will be made for room rent on account of absence on the part of any student, nor for board unless such absence shall exceed seven consecutive days.

Clippings.

Instructor of Physics—"And what, sir, are the limits of the syphon?" Junior, confused—"Well, sir, it won't work if the longer arm is shorter than the other."

New discovery in Scieuee—Make a hole in the head o' drum; stick a candle in the hole. You then have a drum-and-light. There is no way in which a Drummond light can be made so easily.

The following translation of German is, to say the least, both unique and original. Junior—"Die Pantoffeln der Grafen. The pants of the Count." Horrified Prof.—"No! no! look at the gender! look at the gender!" Junior—"Oh, yes, yes, the pants of the Countess." (Class howls.)

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